



Wm. H. Brown
Lisson
THE
HOLIDAY PRESENT,

CONTAINING

ANECDOTES

OF

MR. AND MRS. JENNET,

AND

THEIR LITTLE FAMILY,

VIZ.

Master GEORGE,
Master CHARLES,
Master THOMAS,

Miss MARIA,
Miss CHARLOTTE,
And Miss HARRIOT,

Interpersed with instructive and amusing
STORIES AND OBSERVATIONS.

YORK:

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THE DEDICATION.

To Mr. S. S.

UPON my objecting to the intolerable and generally uninteresting nonsense with which most of the little books are filled, you replied, "Then why do'nt you write one yourself?" Why indeed should I not, thought I to myself; for if I am incapable of affording much instruction, I can, at least, keep clear of corrupting their minds: and poor indeed must be my imagination, if it will not furnish as good entertainment as the contents of the majority of little volumes for children. I will therefore take the first opportunity to sit down and write a Book. Accordingly I did more than one, and with infinite satisfaction have heard them commended, by people whose judgment I respect, but who

little imagined that the Author was so near them. Flattered beyond my expectation, by such undesigned commendations, I have again snatched some hasty moments to complete another little volume for the amusement of the almost infant part of the species; and trusting that you will find nothing in it unfit for your little family's perusal, I beg leave with all humility and affection, to present it to you. If you should discover any passages which you think might have been improved, remember to make candid allowance for the very great haste in which they were written; my time for such kind of employment being but very scarce, though perhaps you may be led to think otherwise, from my deferring so long to subscribe myself, with all possible respect, and sincere affection,

Your obliged Friend,

and humble Servant,

HAMPSTEAD, }
Jan. 23, 1785. }

M. P.

THE
HOLIDAY PRESENT, &c.

CHAP. I.

MR. and *Mrs. Fennet* had six children, three boys, and three girls; the eldest boy's name was *George*, the second *Charles*, and the third *Thomas*, and the girls' names were *Maria*, *Charlotte*, and *Harriot*. In this little book I intend to give you some account of each of them; as, I dare say, you will like to read about so many little boys and girls, and know which of them were good, and which naughty.

Mr. and Mrs. Fennet were both extremely fond of their children, and took great pains

to educate them properly, and make them behave as all little boys and girls should do: but, notwithstanding all their care, *Master Charles* would very frequently give them a great deal of uneasiness, upon account of his bad behaviour; for he was not at all good-tempered, and used continually to be getting into mischief, and quarrelling with his brothers and sisters. One day when his *Papa* had given *George* and *Tom* an apple, as a reward for their having read, and wrote, and said their tasks very well, he asked for one likewise; but his *Papa* said, "No *Charles*, I shall not give you an apple, I assure you, you have not at all minded your book, nor your writing, if you had, I would have given you one as well as your brothers; but I will not treat naughty boys the same as if they were good: and if you do not behave better to-morrow than you did to-day, I shall lock you up in my study, and not suffer you to go to play all day." *Charles* knew that if he said any thing saucy his *Papa* would certainly punish him, so he held his tongue, though he looked exceedingly cross and out

of humour; and when he went into the garden, he began to quarrel with his brothers. *George*, said he, *give* me your apple, for I have as much right to it as you. Indeed, *Charles*, you have not, replied *George*, for my *Papa* gave it to me because I was good, and if you had been so, he would have given you one: but I will give you half, if you please; you are very welcome to half, tho' I cannot spare it all. You *shall* spare it though, said he, for I will have it all. If you say so, *Charles*, said *George*, you shall not have any: so will you have half, or go quite without? I will have *all*, replied he. Then you shall not have any, said *George*, and so good-bye to you, and away he ran, whilst *Charles*, who ran after him, but could not overtake him, kept throwing stones after him, one of which hit his leg and bruised it very much.

Whilst he was running after *George*, his brother *Tom* passed by, playing with his apple, tossing it up and down, and catching it again like a ball. *Tom*, said *Charles*, give me that apple! I will give you a bit of it, returned *Tom*, but I cannot spare it all. But you

shall give it me all, said *Charles*, for I will have it; and then he ran to him, and tried to get it out of his hand. *Tom* for a good while kept it, by turning it about, and stoop-



ing, and putting it into his pocket. At last, *Charles*, being stronger and older than his brother, threw him down upon the ground and took it from him, tied his legs together, and then walked off eating the apple.

Tom was a good-natured little boy, and

would not have minded parting with his apple if his brother would have asked prettily for it; but he did not like to have it taken in such a manner, and to have his legs tied; so he could not help crying, and called out, *Charles!* brother *Charles!* pray, come and untie my legs! But *Charles*, like a naughty boy, did not attend to him, but only laughed at what he had done, and ate up the apple, without returning poor little *Tom* one mouthful, though it was his own.

Whilst they were in this situation *George* came by, and asked *Tom* what he was crying for? I cannot help crying, said he, *Charles* has taken away my apple, but I would not mind that if he had not tied my legs together, so that I cannot walk at all. O! don't cry, my dear, replied *George*, I will untie your legs; and here, you may have my apple, if you please. No, thank you, brother, said *Tom*, indeed I will not take yours. I don't mind going without an apple, only I don't like to have it taken away as *Charles* took it. Nobody would like that indeed, said *George*; but you shall have a

bit of mine, so took out his knife, and after paring it, and taking out the core, gave little *Tom* half.

CHAP. II.

ALL the conversation which was related in the last chapter between *George* and *Tom*, *Mr. Fennet* had overheard, as he happened to be walking on the other side of the hedge by which they were standing, whilst they were talking together, and it gave him great uneasiness to find, that his son *Charles* had been such a very naughty boy, not only in neglecting his learning, but likewise so much worse in his behaviour to his brothers; for it was very wicked, you know, to quarrel with them, throw stones, take away little *Tom's* apple, and tie his legs together; and therefore *Mr. Fennet* thought it very necessary to punish him for such behaviour. He therefore called him, and asked how he came

to be so naughty? But *Charles*, instead of acknowledging his fault, and being sorry for it, only said, he did it because he *wanted* an apple, and should do so another time unless he had one of his own. Why then, said



Mr. Jennet, I think it is very necessary you should be prevented from doing so again, I shall therefore tie your hands behind you, and your legs together, as you did *Tom's*. *Charles* then began to cry, and beg his *Papa*

not to punish him; but *Mr. Jennet* told him, that as he thought he deserved punishment, he certainly should inflict it, though he was very sorry to be obliged to do it. Accordingly he tied his hands behind him, and his legs together, so that he could not walk, and made him continue in that uncomfortable way all day, while *George* and *Tom* were enjoying their liberty, and running about.

CHAP. III.

MASTER *George*, the last time he had played at cricket, had struck his ball into a ditch and lost it. As therefore he wanted another, he went to his *Papa*, to ask leave to go to a shop and buy one. And pray, Sir, said he, may my brother *Tom* go with me? Yes, my dear, replied *Mr. Jennet*, if you will take care of him, and not let him run into the road, and come back again as

soon as you have bought your ball. I will take care of him, and come back directly, said *George*; so away he went, and little *Thomas* along with him.



They had not gone far before they met a little girl, not quite three years old, crying and sobbing most sadly. What's the matter, little girl? said *George*, What are you crying for! I want *Will*! said the child, crying so she could scarcely be understood. Who,

my dear? said *George*. I want *Will*! she answered. Who is *Will*? said he. Brother *Will* I want! Where is *Will*? asked *George*. He ran down that lane, and I do't know my way home. *George* then inquired where she lived? To which she replied, at *Mammy's* house. And where does your *Mammy* live? She lives at *Daisy-Down*, said the little girl. Well, don't cry, said *George*, but stay here, and I will go and look for your brother. So taking hold of *Tom's* hand, he ran down the lane, through which the little girl told him her brother went, calling *Will! Will!* all the way he ran, for he did not know his surname. At last he found some boys at play. Pray, said *George*, very civilly, is any of your names *Will*? Mine is, replied a boy of about fourteen years old; what do you want? And pray, said *George*, have you a little sister? Yes, half a dozen, answered the boy; do you want any of them? And where, said *George*, is one about three years old? I left her in the road, said *Will*! Did you so? said *George*; and who is to take care of her whilst you are at play? are you not ashamed

to leave such a poor little creature by herself! she is crying enough to make her sick: pray go to her, and either take her home, or else let her be with you, and don't leave her in the road, perhaps she may be run over. I cannot help it if she is, replied *Will*! I shan't go to her till I have finished my play! and if you are afraid she should be lost, pray take care of her yourself? *George* then told him, how naughty it was not to take care of his sister. But he did not regard a word that was said, and after laughing at *Master George* for his concern for his sister, went to play again with the other boys.

George and *Tom* were very sorry to find he would not be prevailed with to help his sister; and when they returned, they found her screaming still more than when they left her; for a great dog was come to her, and was licking her face and hands, not with a design to hurt her, but the poor little girl thought he was going to bite her, and was terribly frightened indeed.

George, who was an exceeding good-natured boy, could not bear to see her in such

distress, and he could not tell how to help her; for, to carry her home would take up a long time, and his *Papa*, you know, told him to return directly, so he did not know



what to do about it. At last, after thinking a little while, he determined to take her back with him, and desire his *Mamma* to send her home to her *Mammy*. Come, little girl, said he, I will take care of you! don't cry! I will take care of you! give me your hand, and I

will lead you. I am so tir'd, said she, I cannot walk any farther. Then I will carry you, said *George*; and very good-naturedly took her up in his arms, and walked home as fast as he could; for he had been out longer than he ought to have been, and knew that his *Papa* would be wondering he did not return.



CHAP. IV.

BEFORE *Master George* and *Tom* had got home they met *Mr. Jennet* coming to seek for them. *George*, said he, where have you been all this time? did you not promise me you would return directly. Sir, said *George*, I ask your pardon for staying so long; but, I am sure, when you hear what has kept me, you will not be displeased. This little girl we found alone in the road, and I have been trying to comfort her, and send her home. He then told his *Papa* all that had passed between him and her brother; which when *Mr. Jennet* heard, he was not at all angry that *George* had not returned sooner. Well, said he, I am very glad to hear you have been so well employed. I was afraid you had met with some accident or had forgot that you said you would return soon, and that made me uneasy, for I should have been extremely sorry, either to have had you hurt, or that you should have been still worse, in my opinion, than being hurt; but you are a good boy, and it gives me great plea-

sure to see you so. Come, bring your little child home, and we will give her some victuals and drink, and then you shall conduct her to her *Mother*, who, I am sure, will be much obliged to you for the care of her daughter.

George was much pleased to find his father approved of what he had done, and, with great good-humour, carried the little girl all the way in his arms. See, how kind he looks, wiping her eyes, whilst his brother *Tom* runs by his side, and his *Papa* follows him.



CHAP. V.

MRS. *Jennet* and her three daughters were in the parlour when *Mr. Jennet* and the two young gentlemen returned.

Miss Charlotte was standing at the window folding up a shirt of her *Papa's*, which she was making, and had just finished stitching on the shoulder straps, and had left off work. Look, *Mamma*! said she, there is my *Papa*, and my *Brothers*; and *George* has got a child in his arms. Who can he have found? I don't know indeed, my dear, said *Mrs. Jennet*, looking up as she spoke. I will go and see, said *Charlotte*, and away she ran, and, in her hurry, the lock of the door caught hold of her pocket-hole, and tore it much.

Charlotte was a very good humoured girl, but was rather too great a romp, and often would get herself into disgrace by means of her carelessness; for though her *Papa* and *Mamma* liked to see their children cheerful and merry, yet they did not like to see their

little girls quite like little boys, and clamber over gates, and chairs, and tear their clothes off their backs. It certainly is not pretty for little girls to be so rude; but *Charlotte* was rather apt to forget herself, and not behave always quite so well as her *Mamma* wished her.

I was beginning to tell you of her going to see who *George* had in his arms when she tore her frock, which she never stopt to look at when the lock first laid hold of it, but ran heedlessly away, by which means the frock was torn quite to the bottom. However she did not mind that, but called out to *George*, Who is that *George*? What little girl is that? O! 'tis a nice little girl! said *George*, and carried her into the parlour. When he put her down, the poor little thing seeing nobody but strangers, burst out a crying, and said, I want my *Mammy*! I want my *Mammy*! And who is your *Mammy*, my dear, said *Mrs. Jennet*. She is my own dear *Mammy*! replied the little girl. But what is your name? said *Mrs. Jennet*. Little *Nance*, said she. Little *Nance*, is it? said *Miss Maria*:

then come to me, little *Nance*, and don't cry, and I will give you an orange. Thank you, Ma'am, said the child, and made a pretty curtesy. There's a good girl, said *Mrs. Jennet*. See my dear, how good she is; she does not forget to say thank you, Ma'am, for all she is a poor little girl, and so very young. You, *Charlotte*, though so much older, forget to say so: are you not ashamed that this little child should behave so much better than you do? and, see too, how nicely she holds up her head? I am sure she is a nice little girl.

Mrs. Jennet then went out of the room, and returned with a large piece of bread and some plumbs, which she gave to little *Nance*, who again remembered to say, Thank you, Ma'am, and made another curtesy.

Harriot, who was an exceeding good girl, and took great pleasure in seeing children behave well, was much pleased with her civility, and asked her, whether she had any play-things? Yes, Ma'am! said she, Mammy makes me a doll of her handkerchief. And have you no other doll? asked *Harriot*. No, Ma'am! Then I will give you mine. Shall

I Ma'am? said she, turning to her *Mamma* as she spoke. Yes, my dear, if you please, said *Mrs. Fennet*. I like to see you good-natured, and willing to part with your playthings, to please poor little girls who have



none of their own. So *Harriot* ran up stairs and fetched her own down: it was dressed in a blue jacket, and black cap, and red shoes; it was a very nice doll, and *Harriot* was very kind to give it to little *Nance*; and

so all children should be, if they wish any body to love them.

After the little girl had eat up her bread and plumbs, she began again to cry for her *Mammy*. Don't cry, my dear, said *Mrs. Fennet*; you shall go to her if you will be good. So she rang her bell, and desired the maid to carry her home to her *Mother*. But *Master George* begged he might go with her, and so did all the young ladies. *Mrs. Fennet*, who never denied them any thing proper to be granted, gave them leave to go; but *Miss Charlotte*, whose frock was in so shabby a condition, could not possibly attend them. At first she began to cry, when her *Mamma* told her she might not go; but she soon wiped up her tears, as she well knew, if she was seen to cry upon such a trifling affair, it would much displease her *Mamma*, and she would certainly be punished.

Now, said her *Mamma*, you see the consequence of not taking more care of your clothes. You cannot go out with your sisters. You know, *Charlotte*, you often suffer for it: I wonder you don't take more care.

You should have stopt when you found the lock had caught hold of your frock ; but you are very careless indeed ; so now you must take off your frock and mend it. I want to go to play now ! said *Charlotte*. You said I should leave off work when I had done the shoulder-straps. Well, *Charlotte*, replied her *Mamma*, I did let you leave off then, and did not intend you should do any more ; but you have so torn your frock, that it must be mended : I cannot let you go so in rags. I therefore insist upon it, that you go and change it immediately, and come and mend it. *Charlotte* knew that her *Mamma* must be minded, and therefore thought it was best to do as she was bid at once, without saying any more about it : so she went up stairs, and put on another frock, and then brought the torn one to mend, which she did before she went to play.

Whilst *Charlotte* was mending her frock at home, *George* and *Maria*, *Tom* and *Harriot*, and the maid, went to carry little *Nance* to her *Mother*, who lived at *Daisy-Down*, a small village about two miles from *Mr. Jen-*

net's house. When they came near the place where *Nancy's* mother lived, they met the poor woman (whose name was *Brown*) in great distress, looking for her little girl; for her son *Will* had returned home, and told her he had lost little *Nance*: nor could he tell what was become of her. He set her down only while he went to play, he said, and when he came to look for her she was gone. When poor *Mrs. Brown* heard this account, she was in such distress she did not know what to do with herself. *Will* too began to be very sorry he had not taken more care of his sister, and the whole family were in great affliction; for she was a very good little girl.

When *Mrs. Brown* saw her child coming with the *Master Jennets*, she ran to them, and begged to know how they got her? *Master George* then told all about his finding her, and his wanting to persuade her brother *Will* to take care of her, but that he could not; and, added he, I would have brought her home at first, but I was afraid my *Papa*

would be uneasy at my staying so long, for I knew he expected me very soon.

Mrs. Brown thanked him a thousand times for his care of her little girl, and said, she did not doubt but that he would be a good man, as he was so good and kind a boy. She likewise thanked the young ladies for their kindness, and particularly *Miss Harriot* for the doll she had given her *Nance*. They then wished her good night, and returned home: and *George* bought himself a ball as he went back. For though that was his business, when he first set out in the morning, yet he had been so busy, taking care of the little girl, that he had not had an opportunity of doing it.

When he was in the shop buying his ball, he saw a very good kite, which he asked the price of, and finding he had money enough, he purchased it for his brother *Charles*, *Tom* begged he might carry it home, which *George* gave him leave to do, as he always tried to please every body.

The kite was almost as big as *Tom*, so that when he put it upon his back it quite hid him, and the kite looked as if it was walking alone. Look, here is the picture of *Tom* going home with the kite upon his back.



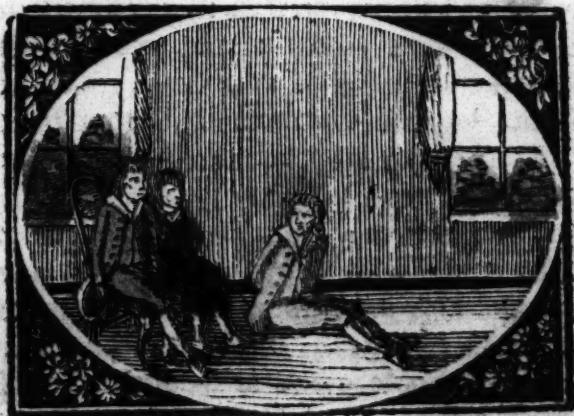
CHAP. VI.

AS soon as they got home, *George* and *Tam* went directly to carry the purchase to *Charles*. Here, said *George*, I have brought you a kite, brother *Charles*: will you be pleased to accept of it? I bought it on purpose for you. Yes, I *will* have it? said *Charles*. I think I never heard such an ugly manner of receiving a present in my life. Instead of saying, thank you brother, I am much obliged to you, but am sorry you have given yourself so much trouble, and put yourself to any expence on my account, to say, *Yes; I will have it.* Could any thing sound more unmannerly, and different to what he ought to have said, in return for his brother's kindness? *Charles* then began to cry again; for you know his *Papa* had tied his hands and feet together: and now, when he saw such a nice kite, he wanted sadly to be at liberty, and go to play with it.

George and *Tom* were very sorry to see him in such a state, and went to their *Papa* to beg him to release him. But *Mr. Fennet* said, No, my dear boys, I cannot consent to that: I am very sorry to confine him: I don't like to punish any of you: but if children will be naughty, they must suffer for it: it makes me very uneasy to think that he should deserve it; but I should be as much to blame as he is, if I did not endeavour to prevent his being so naughty again. If he will behave as he should do, I will untie him when he goes to-bed.

As *Mr. Fennet* never broke his word, *George* and *Tom* knew it would be useless to urge it any farther. They therefore went back to sit with *Charles*, who, I am sure, did not deserve their kindness, in going to keep him company, instead of playing out of doors, and diverting themselves, as he only pouted, and looked cross, and said, it was owing to them that he was punished, because they would not give him their apples.

George said all he could to persuade him to be good, and ask his *Papa's* pardon; but he would not mind, and only continued cross to every body all day, and very uncomfortable to himself: for people who are cross and out of humour, are always uncomfortable and unhappy.



When night came, and it was time for the young ladies and gentlemen to go to bed, *Mr. Fenner* was in hopes that *Charles* would

acknowledge his fault, and ask to be forgiven; but *Charles*, although he had been in a state of punishment all day, was still not good enough to do that: so *Mr. Jennet* said to him, *Charles*, I see you are determined to be a naughty boy, and as that is the case, I assure you, *I am determined* to make you good; and, if you will not be so without, you must be punished till you are: and unless you will ask my pardon this moment for being so naughty, and giving me so much trouble and uneasiness, you shall go to-bed with your legs tied together, and your hands tied behind you, and so you shall continue all night.

Charles cried sadly when he heard his *Papa* threaten him so much, but still continued naughty, and would not ask forgiveness; so his *Papa* had him put to-bed, and then went up and tied his legs and arms again, and so he lay all night, and very uneasy he found it. By the time morning came, he was quite tired of his confinement, and began to be sorry he had been so naughty, and wished most heartily he had been good sooner. He

could not get up because his legs and arms were tied together, but desired one of his brothers to go and tell his *Papa*, that he was sorry he had behaved so.

Mr. Fennet, very kindly, went up stairs directly (which it was more than he deserved, as he had been obstinate so long, and therefore had no *right* to expect to be heard the moment he chose to ask forgiveness) to hear what he had to say.

Charles, when he saw his *Papa*, burst out a crying, and said he would be a good boy, if he would be so kind as to untie him. If you will, said *Mr. Fennet*, I will release you; for it is no pleasure to me to give you any punishment: I wish to see you happy, but you never can be so, unless you are good.

He then untied his hands and feet, and sat by him all the time he was getting up, talking to him, trying to persuade him to be good, and always kind and obliging to every body; at the same time assuring him, if he was naughty, he should certainly punish him the next time with much greater severity than he had now done.

When he was dressed, he let him go down to breakfast, bidding him wipe his eyes, leave off crying, and be a good boy. And, indeed, his *Papa* was much pleased to find *Charles* begin to be good; for nothing gave *Mr.* and *Mrs. Jennet* so much joy as to see their children all good and happy together.



CHAP. VII.

AS soon as breakfast was over, *Mr. Jennet* and his three sons went into the study, as they constantly did for four or five hours, to read, write, and repeat their tasks; whilst *Mrs. Jennet*, with the young ladies, spent the same time in the parlour in reading, writing, needle-work, and all their various occupations.



Miss Maria was working a muslin apron for her *Mamma*, which she did very neatly, and took great pains to keep it clean, as it looks very ugly to have work dirty. *Miss Charlotte*, as was said before, was making a shirt; and *Miss Harriot* was stitching a pocket for her sister *Charlotte*; and when that was finished, she was to begin one for herself. She was a very neat little work-woman, indeed every thing she undertook she did extremely well, for she took uncommon pains with herself, and always tried to mind all the instructions that either her parents, or any good friends were so kind as to give her. She never, like some silly children, did those things out of their sight, which she knew they would not approve of if they had seen her; but she very wisely considered, that it was only for *her* benefit they troubled themselves to tell her what was proper, or what not so, and therefore at all times endeavoured to follow their advice; and this made her improve faster than either of her sisters, and consequently be much more admired and beloved than they were: for

tho' they were far from being such naughty girls as many are, yet they were not so good as *Miss Harriot*, particularly *Miss Charlotte*, who, in this respect, I am now speaking of, used frequently to be very silly.

I remember once I was standing in the hall whilst *Miss Charlotte* and *Harriot* were in the parlour. They did not know any body was near them, and I overheard the following dialogue.



CHARLOTTE. Pray, *Harriot*, while your *Mamma* is out of the room, why do you keep your feet in the stocks? Do you like to keep them so close confined?

HARRIOT. No, I do not much *like* it; but my *Mamma*, you know, bid me put them in when first I went to work.

CHARLOTTE. Yes, I know she *bid* you put them in; but now she is gone out of the room she won't see you. I always take mine out when she goes away.

HARRIOT. I know you do, but I think, that is very naughty. Don't you consider that *Mamma* loves us dearly, and only tells us what is right for the sake of making us good and happy: it can be of no advantage to her, I am sure, whether we turn out our toes or not. If we behave ever so ungentlely, people will not accuse *Mamma* on that account; but they will dislike us very much indeed: as well they may. Besides, I think it is quite wicked not to do what my *Mamma*

chuses I should. She is very kind to us, and, I am sure, we ought to mind her, and be good always.

CHARLOTTE. Yes, we *ought* to be good, to be sure; but if we are good when she sees us, I think that is quite enough.

HARRIOT. Oh! fie, fie, *Charlotte!* I wonder you are not ashamed of saying so! I would not do what my *Mamma* don't like, upon any account: that I would not. Besides, you always get into some trouble or other when you behave so: you know, the other day, when she bid you not touch her knife, that you cut your fingers most sadly with playing with it when she went out of the room; and when you clambered over the rail into the orchard, after she told you not, you know, how you tore your stocking, and your leg too. Don't you remember it?

CHARLOTTE. Yes, that I do, for my leg is not well yet; no more is my hand that I cut, for it is very sore.

HARRIOT. I am sorry you should be hurt; but indeed, *Charlotte*, you deserve to meet with such accidents, when you will not mind, and do what *Mamma* likes because she don't see you.

Just as *Miss Harriot* said this, *Mrs. Jennet* returned into the room; and *Miss Charlotte*, upon hearing her *Mamma* coming, tried to put her feet into the stocks; but, in her hurry she staggered against *Miss Harriot*, threw her off her stool, and finding herself likewise in danger of falling, caught hold of a little table which stood by her, but instead of being able to prevent the accident by so doing, she pulled it down upon herself and sister, and very much hurt and bruised them both: nor were those all the bad consequences that ensued, for *Mrs. Jennet* had just been filling her little ink bottle from a larger one, which she had set upon the table, and that falling down, had broke and emptied itself over the young ladies; though, as *Miss Charlotte* had saved her sister's clothes, by falling over them, most of the ink was poured upon herself, and a terrible figure she made when she got up. The

ink-bottle fell upon her head, so that it ran all down her hair, face, and neck, and upon her frock, and then upon her work (her *Papa's* shirt) which she had in her hand.

As soon as *Harriot* could get up she ran out of the room to call somebody to wipe her sister. The maid soon came in, and wiped her as dry as she well could, and mopped up the ink from the carpet; but it left a sad black mark upon the floor, which she could not get off. She then took *Charlotte* up stairs to wash and undress her; but with all her washing, she could not possibly make her face and neck clean; the ink would not come off, and she looked exactly like a tawny moor for a great many days; so that (before their *Papa* and *Mamma* told them it was not good-natured) her brothers called her *Sister Tawny*, and *Charlotte Blackey*.

When she was clean dressed, her *Mamma* called her to her, and very gravely said to her, I hope, *Charlotte*, you now see the bad effects of not minding what I say to you. All this mischief which you have done, is owing to your not keeping your feet in the stocks

when I went out of the room. Had you minded my words, and done your duty by obeying my orders, you would not have been in such a hurry at my return, to put your feet in the proper place: you would neither



have thrown and hurt, either your sister or yourself: you would not have broke the bottle, and wasted all the ink: nor would you have spoiled your *Papa's* shirt, or your own clothes; but some bad consequences al-

ways follows when little children will not mind what is said to them.

I will tell you a history of a little girl I once knew, who used to be guilty of the same fault, and whose sufferings, I hope, will teach you to be more obedient for the future.

The History of Miss POLLY INGRATE.

Miss Polly Ingrate was a little girl, whose *Papa* and *Mamma* were very fond of her, and used to take great pains to instruct her in every thing that was proper.

She was but seven years old, therefore it was impossible she should know what was right or wrong so well as her parents; but though she was so young, still she was foolish enough to think she knew as well as her friends; and whenever they told her not to do any thing, she always stood and argued, and said, "But why may not I? What is the reason?" Because it is not proper they would tell her. And then she would argue again, But *why* is it not proper?

To hear a child argue so, is certainly disagreeable, as it appears as if they wished not to do as they are advised.

At the upper end of *Mr. Ingrate's* garden there was a fish-pond, and as children, when at play, are apt to run too near the edge of the water, *Polly* was desired never to go beyond a row of trees, which grew in the middle of the garden. But *why* may not I said she. Because I don't choose you should, said her *Mamma*. But why not? she asked again. Because, replied her *Mamma*, I am afraid you should go too near the water. No, I shan't! said she. I know I shan't; I will take great care! I am sure I won't go too close! say no more about it, said her *Mamma*, for I do insist upon it that you never go beyond the trees.

Now a good child would have minded at once, without arguing about it; but after *Mrs. Ingrate* had so repeatedly told her not to go beyond the trees, it certainly was extremely naughty to think of it: however *Polly* was wicked enough to do it; and one day when her *Mamma* was out of the way of

seeing her, she went beyond the trees to play at ball. She could play very very well, and sometimes caught above an hundred without once letting it fall: and the day she so naughtily went to play, where she should



not, she happened to play remarkably well, and caught it an hundred and thirty-six times, without once letting it tumble, so that she had been looking up a great while without seeing where she went: and running to

catch it, the hundred and thirty-seventh time, her foot slipped upon the edge of the pond, and in she fell.

When she found herself falling into the water, she recollected all that her *Mamma* had said to her, and wished most heartily that she had minded, and not been so naughty, and screamed out, I will be good! pray pull me out! so loud, that a gardener, who was digging at some little distance heard her, and ran to help her. He just got time enough to save her, for had he been one minute later, she would have been so low under the water he could not have seen where she was, nor been able to have taken her out. She was so frightened and hurt by the fall, that he scarcely knew whether she was alive or dead when he first took her in his arms: however he carried her in doors, and she was put to-bed; where she was obliged to lay four days before she could get up, having caught a most violent cold by being in the water.

Her *Papa* and *Mamma* were extremely sorry for the accident, and still more sorry to think that she should have been so very

naughty as not to mind what they had said to her. They both talked to her a great deal, and tried to convince her of the folly and sin of not taking good advice; and she appeared so conscious of her fault, that they were in great hopes she would never be guilty of the same again. But it was not a great while afterwards before she forgot how much she had suffered through the want of obedience, and went into a little dirty yard, where she had been bid not to go, as the hogs were kept there, and it was not at all a proper place for a young lady to play in. There was one of the sows had a litter of twelve pigs. *Polly* stooped down to stroke them; but the sow, fearing she was going to hurt them, bit her fingers so much, that one of them was obliged, very soon, to be taken off. She ran crying and screaming in doors, but was afraid of seeing her *Papa* and *Mamma*, as she knew that she deserved punishment for going into the hog-yard after she had been positively forbid.

Her *Papa* and *Mamma* again endeavoured to convince her of her fault, and told her,

that had she minded them, the sow could not have bit her fingers, as she never went out of her sty and little yard. I did not intend to hurt the pigs, said *Polly*. Very likely not, replied her *Mamma*; your fault was not in



Breaking the pigs, but in going where you had been bid *not* to go. That is what I am angry with you for; but I hope the punishment you have met with, from the sow's

biting you, will teach you never to do so, or *any thing* you are told not, any more.

After having suffered twice so very severely from her disobedience, any body would have thought that she would have grown good, and for the future minded every thing that was said to her. But still that was not the case: and she kept continually doing those things out of her parents sight, which she would not dared to have done had they been present. Amongst the rest, one which she was guilty of, was eating fruit whenever she went into the garden to play. Her *Mamma* had many times charged her not to pick any, promising her, she should have given to her as much as was proper and good for her health. But notwithstanding all her *Mamma* could say to her, she used, when in the garden alone, (and when every body was in the front part of the house, so that she was not seen) to pick and eat it: the consequence of which was, that she grew extremely sick, and had a terrible pain in her stomach, so that she was obliged to take great quantities of very nasty physic to give her ease: but still she was not

broke off her naughty tricks ; and one day when she was at play in her *Mamma's* chamber (though she had been told over and over again never to go to an open window,) she was looking out of it, and slipping a little farther than she intended, fell out, and broke her back-bone. At first, when they took her up, they thought she was dead ; but she soon came to her senses again, and after laying a great many months in bed, and suffering a prodigious deal of pain, was able to get up ; and after some months were past, could walk about : but she never grew any taller, but continued most shockingly crooked indeed.

She is now a woman, and you cannot think how sadly she looks, She is never well : her back sticks out worse than any thing you can imagine, and her shoulders are as high as her ears ; and all this was the consequence of not minding what had been said to her when her friends were out of sight. And had you, *Charlotte*, continued *Mrs. Jennet*, just now been more hurt by the table's falling upon you, it would have been your own fault for taking

your feet out of the stocks, after I had desired they might be kept in. Indeed, my dear, it is not right to behave so. All good children who love their *Papas* and *Mammas*, will always do as they wish them, and strive to deserve their favour and kindness by a proper behaviour: and how happy should I be, if mine would do so. I will, I *will*! said *Charlotte*, crying at the thought of her former folly. I *will* be good, my dear *Mamma*, and always do as you desire me. Then, said *Mrs. Jennet*, I shall love you better than I can express; and every body will be as fond of you, as they are of your sister *Harriot*. For my part, I shall love all my children alike, if they will be all equally good, and so will your *Papa* too, I am sure, for we have no other reason to love one better than another, unless they behave better.

Charlotte listened to all her *Mamma* said with great attention, and promising to behave well, and always do as she was bid, made a curtesy and walked away.

CHAP. VIII.

AFTER *Master Jennets* had finished their studies above stairs, and their three sisters below, they all went to play together in the garden, and *Charles*, who was then in good humour, took his kite, and, with the assistance of his brothers, flew it very well.



They were all much delighted to see it mount so high in the air; and there is no saying how long they might have pursued the amusement, had not a trifling accident happened, which put a stop to their sport.

Little *Tom*, who was running as fast as he could, with his head tossed back looking at the kite, and not seeing where he went, ran with such force against a large tree as knocked him down backwards, and not only stunned him with the fall, but happened to hit his head a violent blow upon a sharp stone, cut so large a gash upon the back of his head, as made it bleed very much indeed. All his brothers and sisters ran to him, and tried to lift him up, but finding he could not stand they began to think he was dead; and when they saw the blood run, they were all sure that was the case.

George and *Charles* took him up between them, whilst *Miss Maria* walked beside them holding her handkerchief to the wound in his head to stop the blood, and *Charlotte* and *Harriot* made all the haste they could in doors, calling out, *Tom is killed! Tom is*

killed ! Upon hearing this, *Mr.* and *Mrs. Fennet*, and two or three of the servants, all came out together to see what was the matter, and met poor little *Thomas* carried in the manner related, and his brothers and sisters crying as they brought him. As soon as ever they saw him they perceived he was only stunned, and not dead.

Mr. Fennet took him in his arms, and said, don't cry, my dears, your brother will be better presently, I hope ; and having put something to his head to do it good, laid him on the bed, where he had not been long before he began to open his eyes, and speak, and soon afterwards fell asleep, and when he waked was much better, and able to go down stairs to dinner. You cannot imagine how greatly rejoiced his brothers and sisters were to see him so much recovered, for they had all concluded he was dead. When, therefore they found him well enough to sit and eat a little dinner, they were so delighted they scarcely knew how to express their joy.

CHAP. IX.

AS soon as dinner was over, *Charles* was in a hurry to go and look after his kite, as he had left it without regarding what became of it, to help his brother *Tom*, when first he fell down; and was so taken up with the thoughts of him afterwards, that he never looked for it till after dinner. When he saw *Tom* so much better, he went into the garden in hopes of finding it there, but no kite was to be found, nor could he tell where to go and seek for it, as it possibly might fly a great way after he left it before it fell to the ground.

However, he resolved to go the way the wind blew when he flew it, and inquire of all the neighbours, whether it fallen into any of their gardens? So having asked his *Papa's* leave, he set off in search of it. He stopt at several of the neighbours' gates, and asked very civilly to go into the garden and look for his kite, and they all very kindly per-

mitted him to go; but no kite could he find. At last, as he was walking off, intending to ask one more lady to let him go into her garden, he saw a great many boys standing together, and as he passed by turned



his head towards them, and perceived they were just beginning to raise a fine large kite; which, upon looking more earnestly at, he found was his own. He directly ran up to them, and called out, That is *my* kite! so

pray give it me directly! for I have been looking for it! *Your* kite! said the boy, who was running with the string in his hand in order to make it fly, I wonder what made it *your's*! I am sure it is my own; and I wonder what made it *your's*! replied *Charles*; for I am sure it is mine! That it is not, said the boy. That it is, answered *Charles*! and I *will* have it! That you shan't, said the boy, for I found it, and will keep it, and not give it to you, I assure you. Won't you then, said *Charles*, then I will give you *that*, striking him a blow in the face. O! you choose to fight, do you master? replied the boy; if that's the case, I will fight with you with all my heart, and immediately he stript and began.

Charles (who, as has been said before, was not of a good temper) in a most violent passion attacked the boy, who being rather stronger than himself, presently conquered, and beat him most terribly indeed, whilst the blood ran as plentifully from his nose and face, as before it had done from his brother *Tom's* head. At last, with his eyes al-

most beat out, and extremely hurt, he begged the boy to leave off, saying, he did not choose to fight any more; upon which the boy left him, and *Charles* seeing the kite in a little boy's hand, who had been holding it during the battle, ran to it, and in a violent rage drove his hand through it, and tore it all to pieces. *There!* said he, if you will not let me have it, you shall never have it again. Upon *Charles's* offering this violence to the kite, all the boys who had only stood and looked on before, immediately began to



resent it, and kicked, and cuffed, and beat him about till he could scarcely crawl home: where he was glad to return, as fast as in his miserable condition he could; and had he stayed much longer, it is very probable he might have been killed, for they not only thrashed him, but threw stones at, and pelted him with mud and dirt all the way he went.

CHAP. X.

WHEN *Charles* came into the parlour, his *Papa* and *Mamma*, and all his brothers and sisters, were quite amazed to see him; both his eyes were swelled as big as eggs, and the blood from his nose had run into his mouth, and all down his chin and throat, and over his waistcoat; and his coat and hair were all covered with mud; so that he made a most shocking appearance indeed. What have you been about, *Charles*? said

Mr. and Mrs. Fennet; where have you been to? and what is the matter with you? *Charles* answered, I have been fighting with a boy for my kite! I am so provoked I don't know what to with myself! I found my kite; some boys had it, and they would not give it me. I wish I could kill them! O fie for shame! said *Mr. Fennet*, is that a proper manner of talking; because a boy has offended you? I am ashamed of you indeed, *Charles*; but pray tell me all about it. How did the boy get the kite? I don't know how he got it, said *Charles*; but I am quite positive it was mine, and I told him so, and asked him to give it me directly, but he would not. I am afraid, replied *Mr. Fennet*, you did not behave right, and ask for it in a civil proper manner: if you had, I think he would have returned it. Did you tell him how you lost it? No, not I, said *Charles*, I told him it was mine, and I would have it; and when he would not give it me I struck him; that was all; and then he thrashed me *so* unmercifully; but he will never have the kite again however! I am glad of that! I took care he

he should not have the pleasure of flying it any more, for I tore it all to pieces, and broke the sticks, and then, like a parcel of cowards, half a dozen boys fell upon me all at once, and threw stones and mud at me. I shall not, said *Mr. Fennet*, pretend to justify the behaviour of the boys for throwing stones at you; but, indeed, *Charles*, it is entirely your own fault, that you are now in this sad bruised, shabby condition; and had it not been for your own hasty disposition, you might, in all probability, have regained your kite, and saved yourself those blows you have received. How often have I told you never to put yourself in a passion, but to inquire calmly and good humouredly into things before you allow yourself to be angry. Had you followed my advice, and done so now, how much trouble and shame might you have saved yourself: the boy no doubt, found the kite where it had fallen, therefore, till he met the true owner of it, was at liberty to keep it. When you saw him with it, you should civilly have inquired whether he did not find that kite, as you had lately lost it,

and should be greatly obliged to him if he would return it. Had you, *Charles*, made use of such expressions, I doubt not but the boy would have returned it: or, had he refused to do so, you might have said, if you



think that I am mistaken, and that is not mine, pray let my *Papa* and *Brother* see it, and they will be able to tell you; for they know my kite. Had you, I say, *Charles*, behaved in this manner, you might have

been certain that I would have taken care you should have had your kite again : but to put yourself in a passion, and begin to *fight* ! what could you expect but to be beat, and disgraced as you are ? And then to destroy the kite, was surely the height of folly and indiscretion ; and it is now impossible for you to have it restored, even though the boy should be convinced it really was yours. But people who will be silly, and wicked enough to put themselves in such passions, will always suffer for it, and it is very proper they should : but I cannot help being very sorry, that any of my children should be so naughty : however you must go and be washed, and cleaned, though you really do not deserve to have any care taken of your bruises. Had you been hurt like *Tom*, without being guilty of a fault, I should have been extremely sorry for the pain you suffered ; but now, I think, you well deserve it all, and, I hope, the miserable condition you are now in, will keep you from putting yourself in a passion and fighting again.

Charles listened to all his *Papa* said, but it did not seem to have any very good effect; for when *Mr. Jennet* ceased speaking, he muttered out, I am glad I have spoiled the kite however!

Mrs Jennet again endeavoured to convince him of the folly of such behaviour. How can you, *Charles*, said he, choose to act so much like the dog in the manger? and because you could not enjoy the pleasure of playing with the kite yourself, rejoice that nobody else can? I don't wonder, that you should be sorry to lose so nice a play-thing, after your brother had been so very kind as to give it you; but when once it is gone, and you have it not, why should you be glad that it cannot be of service to another boy! indeed *Charles*, I am much concerned to find you have so bad a disposition; and, I assure you, that unless you take pains with yourself, to grow more good-tempered, you will always be an unhappy, miserable man; as it is impossible for any body, who is cross, selfish, and passionate, ever to be happy, or make any body love them.

Charles made no reply to what his father said, but went out of the room to be washed and cleaned.

CHAP. XI.

IN the evening, after the two wounded young gentlemen were gone to bed, *Mr.* and *Mrs. Jennet*, *Miss Maria*, and *Master George*, went to take a walk; and seeing a



great many boys together, *Mr. Jennet* inquired whether any of them had a kite that day? Yes, Sir, said one of them very civilly, I found one this morning. And, pray, replied *Mr. Jennet*, what did you do with it? Why, Sir, answered the boy, I will tell you. I and my play-fellows were going to fly it, when a boy came and-squalled out, that it was *his*, and he *would* have it: now as I did not know by what right it was *his*, I said, he should not have it: but, said he, *I will!* so I told him he should not! and upon my refusing to give it him, without telling me that he had lost one, or giving me any reason to think that it belonged to him, more than myself, he gave me a knock in the face; so then I gave him another, and we went to fighting, and I beat him: and after I left off, like a simpleton as he was, he tore and broke the kite all to pieces; so that if it really was his own, he can never have it again. It was a thousand pities to spoil it, for it was a charming good one. But, said *Mr. Jennet*, how came you not to return it when he told you it was his? I would, Sir, answered the

boy, if he had asked me civilly, or told me that he lost it; but he demanded it in so insolent a manner, that, I assure you, I thought he deserved to go without it; and indeed I did not believe it was his; for I thought if it had been his, he would have given an account in what manner he lost it, and not have said, *I will have it!* Indeed, said *Mr. Fennet*, I cannot wonder at you, for when people will put themselves in a passion, instead of talking reasonably upon any subject, there is no possibility of understanding what they mean. I do not therefore blame you for refusing to deliver the kite, till you was asked civilly for it; but, I think, you did wrong by fighting about it. I did not want to fight, Sir, said the boy; but, I assure you, he began first, and was in such a rage, that I was obliged to beat him, as I would a wild beast, to keep him from doing me some mischief. I am sure I don't like fighting! I had rather by half live peaceably with every body, for I hate quarreling: and my *Father* and *Mother* say, it is very wicked. I think so.

too, said *Mr. Fennet*, and then, after wishing him good a night, returned home.

After they were seated, *Mr. Fennet*, took one of the hands of *Master George*, and *Miss Maria* in his own, and said, I hope, my



dears, what you have this afternoon seen and heard, will warn you from ever suffering yourselves to be in a passion. You see how terribly your brother *Charles* is beat and hurt, owing to his own violent temper, and

because he would not give himself time to talk coolly and reasonably with the boy, who you find would willingly have given him the kite, had *Charles* asked properly for it. Not only with regard to your playthings, whilst you are children, you would be able to manage much better, if you would be always calm and good-humoured, and patiently wait to hear what each had to say, but likewise when you are men and women, you will find, that nothing will succeed as you wish, if you suffer yourselves to be so agitated and discomposed when any circumstance happens different to what you like: and once more I will repeat, for you cannot too well remember, that *nobody*, whether children, men, or women, can ever be happy who are not good-humoured. Here *Mr. Jennet* stopped; and after *George* and *Maria* had kissed, and wished their *Papa* and *Mamma* a good night, made a bow and curtsy, and went to-bed.

CHAP. XII.

THE next morning, *Master Tom's* head was pretty well, but *Master Charles's* face and eyes were very bad indeed; and frightfully ugly he did look: his eyes black, his nose and mouth extremely swelled, and a great cut on one side of his chin, which the point of a nail had torn, in one of his falls while he was fighting; so that had any little boys seen him, I think, they would have taken care never to fight any more, had they ever been so silly before.

Whilst they were at breakfast, a man came to the door, with a box upon his head, directed for *Mr. and Mrs. Jennet*. They ordered it to be brought in, and told the children to try and untie the cord that was round it, which, after a good deal of difficulty, they did; but then it was locked, and having no key, they looked sadly disappointed, as they were in hopes to have found it open. What should we do now? said they, How

shall we get it open? for it is locked, and we have no key? O! said *Mr. Jennet*, here is a key, and your *Mamma* has another, so I hope, we shall soon open it, and see its contents.



Charles took the key, and opened the box, while they all stood round to see what was in it; but how were they surprised to find three rods, a fool's cap, and four silver medals, each tied through a hole with a yellow rib-

bon. On one of them was the following words: Whoever wears this, is a cross child: Upon another, Whoever wears this, cannot be depended on when out of sight: Upon a third, The wearer of this has told a lie: And on the fourth, This medal is a badge of sloth and idleness. All the *Miss* and *Master Jennet*, were much disappointed to find the box contain such disagreeable objects, and all of them looking very grave, turned away, and walked to their seats. I find, my dears, said their *Papa*, the sight of what the box contains is very disagreeable to you; and no doubt, rods, and such kind of things, must be far from agreeable to any body: for my part, I dislike the sight of them as much as any of you can, and shall be very glad never to be obliged to open the box any more; but it is the duty of all parents to make their children good; and if they will not be persuaded to mind without, they must by punishment. You may depend upon it, therefore, that these rods, this ridiculous fool's cap, and these medals, will be taken out, and used, if any of you render it necessary,

otherwise, the box shall never again be unlocked. He then locked it up, and carried it out of the room, but soon returned with another box of the same sort, but much larger than the first, Now, said he, try my dears, and open that. They were all so disappointed at the contents of the other, that they had no great inclination to open it; but upon their *Papa's* giving them the key, and telling them to do it, they unlocked it, and lifting up the lid, discovered it to be filled with books, bats, balls, kites, nine-pins, marbles, work-bags, housewives, dolls, boxes, and a great variety of pretty things, which I now don't recollect. They soon changed their countenances, and each one smiled at so pleasing a prospect. Well, how do you like the contents of this box, said *Mr. Fennet*? They all replied, they liked it very well. And which, said he, should you chuse to receive some of, what is now before you, or what you saw in the other box? They all again replied, that they should much prefer what they now saw, and never desired to have another sight of the other as long as

they lived. Nor I neither, replied their *Papa*; and, I assure you, it entirely depends upon yourselves, whether it is ever opened again or not. If you are good, and behave as you ought, as you all very well know how to do, *this* box (touching the one before them) is the only one that shall ever be unlocked, and, from *this* I will reward you according to your merits; but if you are naughty, and will not mind what is said to you, I again repeat, that the other must be opened, and, what is in it, used upon you with great severity.

CHAP. XIII.

FOR the whole week following the arrival of the two boxes, all the *Miss* and *Master Jennets* behaved extremely well indeed ; so that their *Papa* and *Mamma* thought proper to reward them out of the *good child's box*, as it was called, the other being named the *naughty child's box*, and as they thought books would not only amuse, but at the same time instruct them, they gave each of them a book :



To *Master George*, they gave one entitled *Christmas Tales*: to *Miss Maria*, the *History of Pamela*; or, *Virtue Rewarded*: to *Charles*, the *Enchanted Castle*: to *Charlotte*, the *History of Goody Goosecap*: to *Harriot*, *Hymns and Moral Songs*, adapted to the capacities of young people: and to *Thomas*, the *History of Birds and Beasts*; all of them very pretty, entertaining, instructive books, very well worth your reading, and sold by the *Publishers* and other *Booksellers*; and, no doubt, your *Papas* and *Mammas* will willingly assist you in the purchase, if you will take pains with your reading, and mind the good advice which is given in those pretty books.

All the *Miss* and *Master Jennets* were exceedingly pleased with their different books, and after thanking their parents in an handsome manner, went to read them. As soon as they had read through, and looked at all the pretty pictures in their own, they lent them to each other, and by that means, had the pleasure of seeing *six* entertaining books a-piece; and indeed it employed them several days, before they could read them all. After

they had enjoyed this amusement for four days, and all had very good-humouredly lent them to one another, whenever desired to do so, *Charles*, who seldom continued good long together, began to grow naughty again; and when his sister *Harriot* desired him to lend her his book, he very rudely, and crossly refused, and said, *No, indeed, I wont!* Are you going to read it, brother *Charles*? said *Harriot*. If you are, I don't desire it: but if you are not making any use of it, I should be much obliged to you for it, for a little while, and you shall have it the moment you want. But, although *Harriot*, spoke so very prettily, he only answered, "That she should *not* have it! and though he was not reading it now, he could not tell how soon he should! besides, whether he read it or not, he liked to keep it in his own pocket, and she should not have it at all!" *Mr. Fennet* did not interrupt him, till he had done speaking, and then he said, *Charles*, you know I always keep my word, and never promise what I do not perform. I told you if you was good, you should be rewarded

with something out of the *good child's box*, and accordingly I gave you a pretty book, because you had been good for some days. I likewise told you if you was naughty, you should be punished, and I now must keep my word. I am sorry to be obliged to unlock the *naughty child's box*; but your behaviour makes me do it: he then took the key out of his pocket, and fetched in the medal which had the words upon it, *Whoever wears this is a cross child*, and tied it with the yellow ribbon round his neck. He cried sadly at having it put on; and to be sure that is not to be wondered at, as it looked extremely ridiculous to see a yellow ribbon round a boy's neck; and a bow, and long ends hanging upon his coat down his back, and a medal bobbing about under his chin, with such disgraceful words upon it: but, as he had been so cross to his sister, it was proper he should be punished. All his brothers and sisters looked very grave when they saw it put on: indeed, some of them could not help shedding tears upon the occasion, as they were all very fond of each other, and did not

like to see one another in affliction: they asked their *Papa* to take it off, but, after again telling them how necessary it is to punish children when they are naughty, and convincing them that he must not break his



word, and praising them for their affection to their brother, he insisted upon its being worn all day.

Charles was quite ashamed of walking about, for every body who saw him took hold

of the medal, and read the inscription upon it. Some people said, there's a *cross* boy! don't go near him! Others said, that boy deserves to be whipped! So that he found he was laughed at, and despised by every one who saw him, and most heartily sorry he was that he had behaved so.

In the afternoon, some gentlemen and ladies drank tea with *Mr.* and *Mrs. Jennet*, and *Charles* felt so exceedingly ashamed when he came into the room, he did not know which way to look. As soon as he made his appearance, not knowing at first what it was, they all inquired, why he chose to wear so much frightful yellow ribbon round his neck? But when they were close enough to read the words upon the medal, they begged he would not come near any of them, as they all greatly disliked *cross* people. *Charles* was so mortified at the disgrace, that he could not help crying all the time he was in the room; and very early desired leave to go to bed; and upon his promising not to behave so any more, and acknowledging he was sorry for

his fault, his *Papa* took off the medal, and permitted him to retire.

When *Saturday* came, and they all had been very good, excepting *Charles* one day that he was naughty about lending his sister his book, *Mr. and Mrs. Fennet* again opened the *good child's box*, and took out of it a bat and cricket-ball for *George*; a very pretty flowered work-bag for *Maria*; a doll for *Charlotte*; a battledore and shuttlecock for *Harriot*; a kite for *Thomas*; and as *Charles* had been much better than usual, excepting that one day when he was punished, they were so kind as to give him an orange, telling him at the same time that they were very sorry he had, by his behaviour, forfeited a more valuable reward; but, as he had been good some days, he should not go quite unrewarded from out of the *good child's box*; and they hoped, by the next week he would gain something better. After having seen the sad consequences of being naughty, not only as it produced punishment, but likewise as it was the cause of his going without some pretty play-thing at the end of the week, it never

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could have been thought that any of the *Miss* or *Master Jennets* would again be silly, and occasion the displeasure of their parents; but, I am sorry to say, some of them stood in need of repeated chastisements. *Miss Charlotte* was apt to be very silly, and one day, she, *Harriot*, and little *Tom*, had been to take a walk in the field behind the house with the maid; and *Miss Charlotte*, instead of walking in the path, run all over the field, in the very dirtiest paths she could find out. The maid desired her not to so; but instead of minding, she only tried to persuade her brother and sister to do so too; but they, like very good children, stopt the moment they were desired. Upon which *Charlotte* laughed at them, and called them *tender chickens!* and *foolish goslings!* to mind what the maid said, and not only ridiculed their proper behaviour, but likewise made faces at *Mrs. Deborah* (the maid) and flung dirt at her. When they got home, *Mrs. Jennet* asked *Deborah* how she happened to go out in so very dirty a gown, and cloak, as in general she looked very tidy, and clean? I did

not go out so dirty indeed, Ma'am, said Deborah; but *Miss Charlotte* did it. How did *Charlotte* do it? inquired *Mrs. Fenner*. She then told her the whole affair, and how sadly *Miss Charlotte* had behaved, and wanted to



make her brother and sister as bad as herself; but they were very good, and did not mind her. If that is the case, replied *Mrs. Fenner*, I think she behaves as if she had not common sense: the *fool's cap* will therefore

be the properest head dress she can wear. *Charlotte* began to cry, and beg it might not be put on; but her *Mamma* said, you know, *Charlotte*, if you will be naughty, you must be punished: and if you did not choose punishment, you would not be guilty of such things as deserve it. Indeed, Ma'am, I don't choose it! said *Charlotte*, pray don't put it on! You cannot expect, replied *Mrs. Fennet*, that I should break my promise, if I did, I should be still naughtier than you; and you know very well that I have told you, if you will be naughty, you shall be punished. She then unlocked the naughty child's box, and took the fool's cap, and placed it upon *Charlotte's* head. The cap was made something in the shape of a sugar loaf, and had two long ears, like asses, hanging from the sides, and was painted red, blue, green, yellow, scarlet, and black; with bits of all coloured ribbons streaming from it, and in the middle of the front, was the picture of a naughty child crying; so that, you may think, it looked extremely ugly and ridiculous. *Miss Charlotte* screamed so loud when it was put

on, that her *Mamma* threatened to tie up her mouth, and took out her handkerchief for that purpose; but *Charlotte* left off, so she put it in her pocket again. When dinner was ready, *Mr. Jennet* was quite shocked to



see his daughter with so frightful a cap on her head; nor could her brothers and sisters, or servants, keep from looking at it, to see how strange and ridiculous it looked. After dinner, she again begged it might be taken

off. Her *Mamma* told her it should, when she had been to *Deborah*, and asked her pardon, and told her she was sorry she had behaved so badly, and promised not to do so any more. *Charlotte* did not like the thoughts of asking pardon; but when she found her *Mamma* would not take it off, unless she did, she went out of the room, saying, she would go and ask *Deborah's* pardon. Instead of which, she only went up stairs into her own room for a few minutes, and then returned, and asked her *Mamma* to take the cap off. Have you, then, asked *Deborah's* pardon? said *Mrs. Fennet*. Yes, Ma'am, I have, said she! Only think how extremely wicked it was to say so, when she knew she had not. *Mrs. Fennet* likewise knew she was telling a fib, for she had heard her go up stairs, and the maid was all the time below. *Mrs. Fennet* then said, *Charlotte*, how dare you be so very wicked and naughty, as to tell such a fib, I thought you said you did not like punishment; but you must now be punished with very great severity indeed. I am quite ashamed of you, and don't know when

I shall ever depend upon you again: but tho' you tell lies, I shall not, I assure you; but shall punish you as I always said I should, if you spoke any thing that was not true. She then again opened the *naughty child's box*, and took out one of the three rods which was in it, and the medal that had the words, *The wearer of this has told a lie*. Then taking hold of *Charlotte*, tied the medal round her neck, and led her into another room by herself, where she whipped her as much as she deserved, for being so wicked a girl, and that, you know, was a great deal, so that she was most terribly punished indeed.

Mrs. Fenner then returned into the parlour, and found all the children crying for their sister. I do not wonder at all, my dears, said she, to see you all cry: I can scarcely keep from it myself. I love all my children, and am extremely sorry that any of them should suffer pain and uneasiness: you may, therefore, well be concerned now, that she has undergone so great a degree; and another cause sufficient to cry for, is, the thought of her having been guilty of so wicked a thing.

as deceit, and lying; but I hope she will never be so naughty again. *Mrs. Jennet* then fetched *Charlotte* into the room (for she had left her by herself for a few minutes after she had corrected her) and she remained in the parlour all the rest of the day, with the fool's cap upon her head, and the medal round her neck: neither would her *Mamma* suffer her to speak a word to any of her brothers or sisters, for fear she should teach them to be as naughty as herself, saying, if she did not make the proper use of her tongue, which was speaking the truth, she should not use it at all; so, you may be sure, she spent a most miserable, unhappy afternoon. At last bed time came, and her *Mamma* was then so kind as to let her go to-bed, tho', indeed, children who tell lies do not deserve a bed to sleep upon, or blankets to keep them warm; but *Mrs. Jennet* was in hopes, as she appeared very sorry for her faults, that she would never be guilty of the same again, and therefore permitted her to go to-bed. But the thoughts of her crime was so much in her head, that she could sleep but very little all

night; and the disgrace she was under, made her mind exceeding uneasy indeed, so that she only laid and cried, and sincerely repented that she had been so very naughty.

CHAP. XIV.

AS soon as ever she was up in the morning, she went to *Deborah*, and asked her to forgive her, for the rudeness she had been guilty of to her whilst she was walking in the field. She then went into her *Mamma's* room, and most earnestly begged, that she and her *Papa* would pardon her, promising never to commit the same fault for the future. *Mr.* and *Mrs. Jennet*, seeing she was sensible of the wickedness and folly of the crime she had been committing, after talking a great while to her, and convincing her of the bad consequences of deceit and falsehood, telling her that nobody would ever depend upon her,

or believe what she said, and also that it was extremely wicked, and would certainly make her very miserable; they at last kissed her, and let her go down to breakfast; but still they behaved very gravely to her, for it was impossible to have as good an opinion of her, as if she had not been so naughty. She was, herself, very uneasy at the thoughts of her folly; and endeavoured, all in her power, to make amends by being very good, and doing every thing she was bid, which, to be sure, was the only way to regain the love of her friends. But, still it was impossible to untell the falsity she had spoken; nor could she be so much depended upon afterwards as if she had not told it. When *Saturday* arrived, all the young folks waited with great patience, though they thought the time rather long till the *good child's* box should be opened, and when it was unlocked, *Master George* had another book, a small *History of England* given him: *Miss Maria* a very handsome fan: *Master Charles* a set of nine-pins: *Miss Harriot* a set of doll's tea-things; and *Master Thomas* a bag of marbles; but

Miss Charlotte, who had, during the week, been so extremely naughty, had not any one thing given her, nor even so much as an orange or an apple. She was, you may be sure sadly mortified, to be obliged to go without, though she could not but acknowledge she did not deserve any, and all the others were much delighted with their presents.

The example of *Charlotte's* punishment had so good an effect upon them, that all, excepting *Charles*, took care never to deserve the same: neither was *Miss Charlotte* ever guilty of telling another lie. Little *Thomas*, at one time, neglected his book for a few days; so that he was obliged to wear the medal which was the badge of idleness and sloth, for a day; and, excepting that, *Mr.* and *Mrs. Jennet* never had occasion to unlock the naughty child's box for any of their children, but *Charles*, who, notwithstanding all the pains that was taken with him, and all the encouragement he met with when good, would frequently be very naughty, and was so bad as to oblige his *Papa* to use, not only all the disgraceful medals and fool's cap, but

also the rods upon him. All his brother's and sisters, when they grew up, were very worthy men and women, comfortable to themselves, and beloved and admired by every body who knew them. Whereas,



Charles, from the badness of his disposition, and cross disobliging temper was despised, and shunned by all mankind: nobody liked to be in company with him, and even his brothers and sisters went but seldom to see

him; though they would have gone with all their hearts, if they would have been kind and civil to them; but, instead of being so, he was so quarrelsome, that they never knew how to please him, or not give offence. In short he was a most miserable, unhappy man, and past all his time extremely uncomfortable, without being beloved by any one person in the world; he lived by himself, for nobody chose to live with him; nor could he ever get servants to stay with him above a month at a time; nor did any of his neighbours visit him, because they did not choose to keep company with so bad tempered a person. His sad behaviour gave the greatest uneasiness to his parents, and they would certainly have died of grief, had they not been comforted by the very different conduct of his brothers and sisters, who, by their kind and dutiful behaviour, gave them great satisfaction and joy; and, by their constant attention to every thing their *Father* and *Mother* liked, repaid that pains and care they had taken of their education. It is much to be wished that all children, who read this

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history, will learn to imitate the good *Miss* and *Master Jennets*, and, if ever they have been naughty before, it is to be hoped, that, like *Miss Charlotte*, they will repent, and be sorry for their crimes, and take care never to be guilty of the same again, least they should at last come to be as unhappy and miserable as *Master Charles*; which, they may depend upon it, they will be, if, like him, they neglect to mind what is said to them.

I hope, therefore, the little child who is now reading this pretty book, will remember and always take pains to be good.

THE END.

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